JANUARY 1912

Myra's Journal

3D

THE LEADER OF FASHION

BEETON & Co. Ltd. 10 & 11 FETTER LANE LONDON · E · C ·

VOL. XXXVII. No. 1. [PRICE THREEPENCE.

In the Red Sea.

This week the King and Queen make their first pause on their homeward journey, and the inhabitants of Port Sudan are prepared to give their Majesties a loyal welcome. Port Sudan has "come" very much during the last few years, and now that its harbour is an accomplished fact, a great deal of traffic, both passenger and goods, goes through it. Many people make use of it as a port of embarkation from Central Africa and Khartoum, the latter being only thirty-six hours away by train over the hills.

The Bishop of London is due to reach Port Sudan on Monday of this week, very shortly before the arrival of their Majesties, and he will make a stay of two or three days there before proceeding to Khartoum for the consecration of the Cathedral.

The Sirdar and Lady Wingate, Lord Kitchener, and other notabilities are meeting the King at Port Sudan. His Majesty is expected to land early in the morning, and after many presentations and a review of native troops he will proceed by special train to Sinkat, where many more Sheikhs and chieftains will be presented, and where his Majesty will visit the still very complete remains of the old ford and harbour. Sinkat was the port of the Sudan in old days, but it lies too far from the sea for modern requirements. From Port Sudan their Majesties proceed to Malta, where they are expected at the beginning of next week.

In Waiting.

A new member of the royal entourage is Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, whom Queen Alexandra has appointed Maid of Honour in place of Miss Blanche Lascelles, whose marriage to Mr. George Lloyd, M.P., took place last November. The new Maid of Honour is a daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and has done most of her going out chaperoned by her father or by her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, as Lady Algernon is not at all strong, and spends many months of the year out of England, generally at her villa at Capri. She has inherited the beauty of her mother, who, with her sister, now Lady Warwick, made such a sensation when, as the two Misses Maynard, they went about with their mother, Lady Rosslyn. With her mother's features she has the fair colouring of the Lennoxes, and will therefore be a distinctly ornamental addition to the Court Circle.

There will be another newcomer in the royal entourage shortly, as Queen Mary has yet to choose a successor to Miss Sybil Brodrick, whose marriage to Mr. Ronald Graham takes place this week.

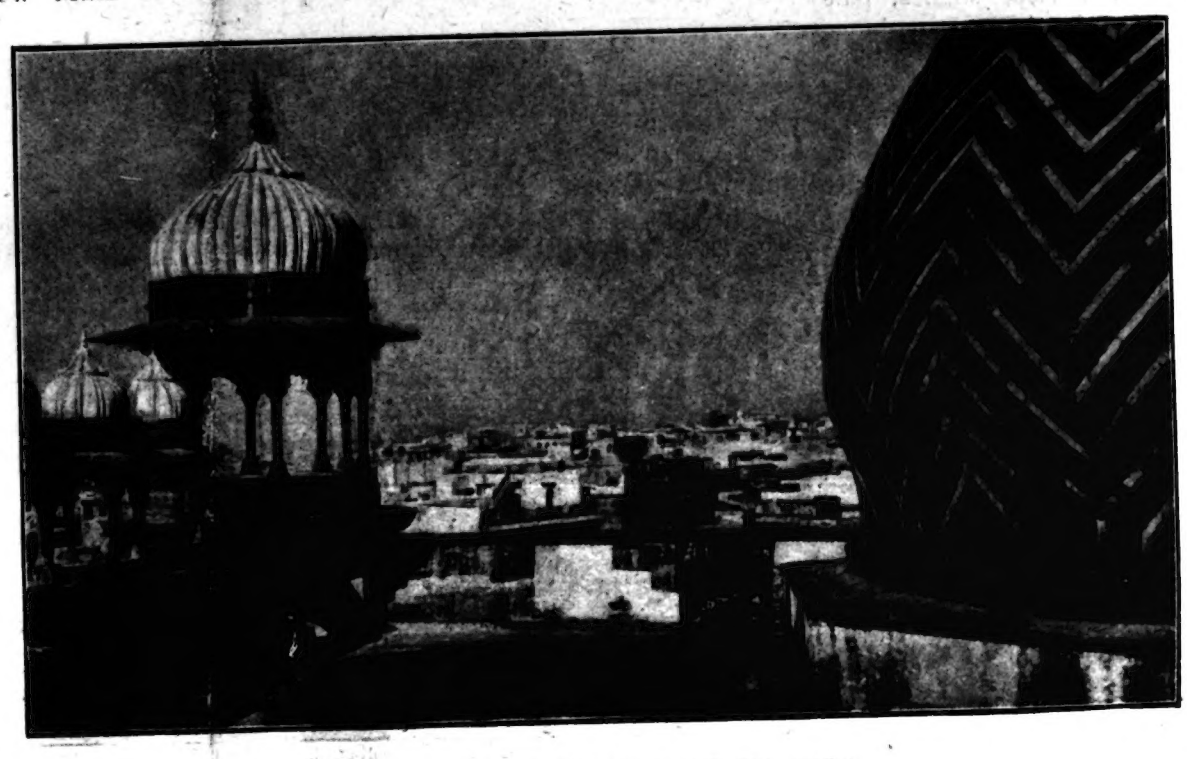
LADY EILEEN BUTLER
(Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough) whose engagement to the Marquis of Stafford (heir of the Duke of Sutherland) is announced
(Photo by Rita Martin)

A Young Couple.

The engagement of Lord Stafford and Lady Eileen Butler followed close on the heels of that of Lord Howard de Walden and Miss van Raalte, but with this difference—that it came as a genuine surprise.

Lord Stafford was supposed to be quite fancy free, for he has spent many months of the past year in Canada with his father, the Duke of Sutherland, who has acquired large tracts of land out West and has settled large numbers of the crofters from his Sutherlandshire property on them. When he returned from Canada in November, Lord

THE QUEEN-EMPRESS ON THE TERRACE
Looking at what is known as "The Emperor's View" of the Taj Mahal
(Photo by London News Agency)



THE QUEEN-EMPRESS'S VISIT TO AGRA
The view her Majesty saw from the Jumna Musjid

GOWNS AND GOSSIP:

THE HOME DINNER GOWN.

My Best Friend,—It is beyond question the time of year when, of all other garments, the beloved home dinner gown is that most necessary to our well-being. Upon days of grey gloom, such as we get in London, when there is no pleasure in being out late, there is nothing more delightful and restful than to get dressed early for dinner, pull up a chair within pleasant distance of the fire, and skim through the daily paper or plunge into the pages of the book on hand. Clothes, as it has been pointed out so often, are a matter of temperament, and yours will not allow you to be badly gowned at any time. To rest will not imply that you are wearing a wretched and done for sacque, or, indeed, anything in which you would feel ill at ease before friend or enemy.

The Essentials to Comfort.

It is, however, very important to possess one or two of those soft and comfort giving home dinner gowns in which we can really rest without a troublesome feeling in the back of our mind that we are doing irrevocable damage. We must wear good material that will shake out again, something that will not chronicle every restful hour we have spent upon a *chaise longue*, or resent each delicious moment we have enjoyed scrumpled up in a large armchair.

Good soft satin, good crêpe de chine, wool crépon, soft brocade, are all materials that can be made to look lovely, and since we can be as gorgeous as we please when we are at home, it is easy enough to think out something that will be decorative and comfortable at the same time.

Half-tones and Soft Colours.

Some women never wear strong colouring, and negative tones seem to suit them best. They like ivory gowns, soft grey or apricot shades, pale strands of colour, or, perhaps, a mere touch of Oriental blue, discreetly veiled by a layer of chiffon. To them I commend a very charming and genuine tea-gown, made of crêpe de chine and soft little frills of pleated satin. A gown of this sort, with a bit of old lace to trim the front, and a plaque of enamel or a large pendant of amethyst-baroque pearl to introduce the colour note, is such a charming thing. The skirt must be pleasantly full, but any suggestion of dressing-gown voluminosity will prevent it from filling the place in our wardrobe that is intended.

Others like quite a smart affair; a blue satin Empire gown, for example, with scarves of lace to form a bodice or a tunic. Such a gown can be cut, it is true, so cleverly that it will never reveal the fact that it is worn with that elementary bondage known as a tea-gown corset.

The Cult of the Coat.

But choice is the affair of the individual, and others are devoted to a coat such as you see here, a simple, easily arranged design that will look as nice in taffetas as in anything, or that might be made in double ninon if it were necessary to use up a foundation already in hand. The kind of coat we used to think so smart is never seen. Tunic coats of various sorts are worn, and they are very excellent when renovations are on the tapis. Short lengths of lace or ninon need never be despised where the home dinner gown is concerned, for they will make tunics or fichus, or they will combine to produce a little coat, while the becoming ruche will use up all sorts of odds and ends conveniently—a consideration that is well worth bearing in mind.

A Tea-coat by Bechoff David (Photo by Felix)

Reason and the Rest Gown.

We all spend our lives upon such different plans. Some people rush about from twelve till two or three in the morning, dining out invariably, and doing their correspondence when the rest of us are fast asleep. Others have coffee and rolls in their room, write their letters, do their accounts, bath, and dress before they encounter the household, and numbers of others come down to breakfast as regularly as clockwork, soothe the entire family, and keep going all day, by dint of not doing anything very exciting or violent.

It is evident that many natures prefer spasms of energy, but some time and somehow we find that "*reculer pour mieux sauter*" applies to us all. Nobody can go on for ever without rest of mind and body, or if they do it for a period they are apt to suffer for it, or perhaps their friends suffer even more. The restless person communicates his lack of repose all too easily, and if there is one thing more disturbing than another it is to stay with a friend who never reads anything, but who sucks up all her information from those round about her. It is like living with a vampire.

Those who live in the country can get rest if they want it. In towns and cities it is less easy, unless one leads a hermit life. The proper study for mankind is man, and the process involves going out and about, and the more the interest grows the greater becomes the necessity for keeping a couple of evenings free for dawdling and dreaming in the home dinner gown.

The Va et Vient.

Doesn't it seem to you more difficult than it ever was to keep abreast with all that goes on, to see the pictures and the plays, to find time to readjust the books that are in the public mind, let alone those that reach one from side channels? It is astonishing how some people get over the ground; they can take the heart out of a book while others are starting the first chapter; they know what everybody is doing in various ways, and have an acquaintanceship with every crank in the kingdom—in itself an exhausting undertaking. However, it's good to know all sorts and conditions, and it's very entertaining to see how variously people set about their work in life.

I had a letter from a literary friend to-day who plans his books upon a very elaborate plan. He schemes and plots and moves the *dramatis personæ* about the stage until he is satisfied, and then begins to work. Another well-known and successful writer shuts herself up for a month and produces a book in the time, while one of the most successful of the young short story writers does her really brilliant work right down on to the typewriter—dialogues, descriptions, and all. Thus variously are we mortals constituted.

Amongst my Christmas presents were Synge's two plays, *The Playboy* and *Deirde*, a copy of Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*, half a dozen of Bennett's novels, and a colossal bag of Marquis chocolate of the most excellent quality—such an admirable combination of ideas, and so well adapted to make one stop at home and rest now and again in one or other of the home dinner gowns for which I hold a brief.

Ever yours,

LYDIA LOVELACE.

Printed for the proprietors at 76, Southwark Street, S.E., and published weekly by MESSRS. BEETON AND CO., LTD., 10 and 11, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.